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IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN.

Judge BOOKSTAYE is reported to have explained the appointment of an underling of Sheriff FLACK's as referee in the divorce suit affecting the Sheriff, on the ground that he was "well disposed towards the defendant." If the Judge said this it will go far in the public mind towards wrecking confidence in his integrity and the methods in vogue in his Court. Are referees appointed by Judge BOOKSTAYE with reference to their relations with litigants? Does he give his official sanction to recommendations made by biased officers of the Court?

Such an explanation is, indeed, most unfortunate. It not only does not explain anything, but adds to the complications already existing. There has long been a bad odor arising from the referee business in our courts. Judge BOOKSTAYE's explanation is not by any means a deodorizer.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

Chicago, when it put forth its impertinent claim for the World's Fair, had never seen itself as others see it. Having always flattered itself that it was the greatest place on earth, it took no thought of how other people sized it up. It is now suffering a painful awakening from its dream. While all admit that Chicago is a smart town, yet when a World's Fair is in prospect all eyes are naturally turned to New York.

A consensus of public opinion all over the country names this metropolis as the seat of the Exposition. This is no reflection upon any other place. Chicago need not feel humiliated by the mirrored reflection of itself to which it is now being treated. It will be greatly benefited if it learns thereby the lesson that there is a vast difference between pretense and reality.

IT IS A PUBLIC AFFAIR.

Some of the friends of Sheriff FLACK, have made haste to assert that the divorce scandal, in which that official figures unpleasantly, will not injure his standing in Tammany Hall.

Well, if that be true, so much the worse for the standing of Tammany Hall.

This extraordinary conspiracy has passed beyond the pale of a private affair. It involves a crime, and all crimes are public affairs. It touches the integrity of the Bench, and casts dark suspicions on the official conduct of a clerk of a court of record.

If Sheriff FLACK has concocted this conspiracy, he, a sworn officer of justice, is guilty of a serious crime. And, if he is guilty, he should either resign the shrievalty at once, or of his own motion or be compelled to resign.

If Tammany forgives him, public opinion will not forgive Tammany.

A SHIP SURGEON'S CRIME?

In the course of the investigation by the Emigration Commissioners yesterday of the complaints against the officers of the steamship England, it was shown that Dr. WARD, the ship surgeon, was not only unfit for his position, but guilty of criminal negligence. An infant who, according to Dr. WARD, was not dangerously sick, died in convulsions, and a call for his services made in the evening was not responded to until the next morning. When he did call it was too late.

Such conduct was inhuman, and besides losing his place he ought to be subject to punishment. There is a duty devolving upon physicians who no amount of inconvenience can excuse them from performing.

THE EVENING WORLD's staff of physicians is not made up of such as WARD.

BEWARE OF THEM!

There was an effort made yesterday to revive public confidence in the certificates of the Sugar Trust. The manner of doing it was suggestive of the iniquity of the whole scheme. Knowing that the amount of certificates issued were far in excess of the value of the properties in the Trust and that investors were, as a consequence, afraid of them, it was announced in a shadowy way that the volume of certificates was to be largely reduced.

Now there is just one safe thing for those who have money to invest to do, and that is to leave these Trust certificates alone. Only the gentle plunderers on the inside know anything about their value. Beware of them!

BUCK'S BAT.

Buck Ewing, a giant of the Giants, is richer by a hundred dollars to-day than he was yesterday morning. He won the duets by a tremendous hit away over the center-field fence at the Polo Grounds, and amid thunderous applause made the circuit of the bases. It was a great strike.

By the way, all the Giants played ball yesterday, and administered a sound thrashing to the Quakers. Take the two games to-day and make it three straight. Now is the time for sweet revenge.

THE SICK INFANTS.

Many Little Lives Saved by the Corps of Free Doctors.

Clothing Almost as Necessary as Medicine.

Neil Nelson and Dr. Hunt Distribute a Quantity of Provisions.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....\$415.00
Fair at the Long Beach Hotel.....\$400.00
Dorothy.....10.00
Donald Livingston.....1.00
No Name......25
G. G. Galtier......50
H. Schneider......25
Jessie Winder.....2.00
Willie Mozart, Samuel Gurant and Cornelia Mozart.....1.25
Young folks entertainment.....4.00
Seven little boys.....5.00
Marie Schuler.....1.00
Elsie Lohr.....1.00
Howard S.....1.00
W. Frederick......25
E. L. R.....1.00
A. Christian.....5.00
Children's Fair.....14.00
Laura E. A. Paige.....2.00
H. and A. Meyerhoff.....2.00
F. G. B.....1.00
Mrs. W. L.....1.00
Minnie, Charity and Nell.....3.00
S. S. B.....1.00
Old Maid.....1.00
E. P.....1.00
John O'Brien.....2.00

A Juvenile Entertainment.

For your Baby Fund enclosed please find \$4, the proceeds of an entertainment held by the undersigned, NELLIE ELLIS, MAMIE ELLIS, BRIDIE HARTMAN, KATIE PAROR, EDIE ELLIS, HARRY PAROR, WILLIE ANTON, Residents of 147 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

Young Financiers.

On July 25 my brother, his friend, Armand Gerard and I opened a "store" with a few playthings for the Sick Babies Fund. We purchased candy with the proceeds of the first sales and sold it at 100 per cent. profit. As our stock ran out we purchased more. We take great pleasure in handing you the result of our efforts, \$1.25, wishing it were more.

WILLIE MOZART,
ARMAND GERARD,
CORNELIA MOZART.

Little Heesie's Money.

Please find enclosed \$2, which I hope may make some baby a little more comfortable.
HEESIE WANDER, aged six years,
Highlands, Ulster County, N. Y.

For Mrs. Daly.

Please forward enclosed \$2 to the Daly family of 222 Mott street. JOHN O'BRIEN,
107 Douglass street, Brooklyn.

More for Mrs. Daly.

Please give this \$2 to Mrs. F. Daly, 220 Mott street. This is all I can give to-day, but I will send more soon. I can give down to see her but I have no time as I am in the store all day.

MISS H. A. MEYERHOFF, 717 Broadway.

Another Children's Fair.

Enclosed please find \$14, the proceeds of a children's fair which was held on Thursday morning, Aug. 1, on the piazza of 429 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street.

The willing and cheerful manner in which the children of the neighborhood contributed showed the interest which is being taken in your noble work. Yours respectfully,
JENNIE CARTER,
ANNIE CAVANAGH,
FLORENCE DES ANGES,
MINNIE LYONS,
MAGGIE LONGERGAN.

From Laura Jean Libbey's Niece.

Miss Laura E. Paige, niece of Miss Laura Jean Libbey, has collected funds for the helpless babies. Among her many contributors are: Mr. D. Annable, 25 cents; Mr. J. Dun 25c; Mr. J. Maddock, 25c; Mr. R. Reeves, 25c; Messrs. Lober and Hanson, 25c; U. S. Paige, 25c, and other contributors, amounting to \$3, total amount.

From His Family.

Please find enclosed \$1.60, which I have collected in small amounts from grandpa, grandpa and other members of our family to help the sick babies. ELSIE LEHARD,
663 President street, Brooklyn.

Sent from West Troy.

You will find enclosed \$8.62, sent you by the Inman Ten, of the King's Daughters, to be used for doctoring and feeding the suffering poor children in New York City.

West Troy, N. Y. I. H. N.

Raised at a "Wild West Show."

We are seven little boys, under twelve years of age, brothers and cousins of the "twelve little Shrewsbury girls" who last week raised at a fair and sent you \$150.50 for the Sick Babies' Fund. We include \$5, which is the amount taken in at a "Wild West show" given by us the day after the fair. We did not make as much money as the girls, but we worked as hard as they did.

FRANCIS H. McKENNEY,
DAVID McCLURE, JR.,
OTTO WAGNER,
JOHN WAGNER,
FRANK JAMES,
ARTHUR J. McCLURE,
JOSEPH McKENNEY.

Red Bank, Aug. 1.

Enclosed please find \$10 for your Sick Baby Fund. It represents a one dollar subscrip-

tion taken at our dinner table. The subscribers are Mrs. K., Mrs. P., Miss M. Y., Miss O., J. A. K., E. O., J. L. M., S. D., L. O., and yours truly, Doctor.

WITH A BASKETFUL OF VICTUALS.

Neil Nelson and Dr. Hunt Make Many Visits to the Poor.

He did a splendid day's work! Dr. Hunt I mean.

We met at the corner of Houston and Willett streets, in a little willow shop, where we buy a small chip basket for 12 cents and get the address of several very sick children.

The doctor has his vest pockets full of rub. ber nipples, to be substituted for the deadly nursing tubes, and the hang of his gay little short coat is distinguished by the ruffles, soap and printed tickets and slips, which bulge out on every side. The idea strikes him to utilize the clean, covered hamper just as we near a butcher shop, but by the time the hind legs of a lamb's mother have been reduced to two-inch chops and ten parcels of rice introduced there isn't room enough left for an excursion ticket, and it is with an effort that he buttons down the cover.

With the material for twenty mutton broths we sail down Willett street.

At the first alleyway a piping voice calls out: "Hello, doctor! He's got into spasms again."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes; been awful bad. My mudder says he isn't long for this world."

"He is taking an airing in a doll-carriage, so you can gauge his size, and the driver is a slip of a girl with soft, brown eyes that have looked on the miseries of life half a dozen years. Her outfit consists of a petticoat, a check apron and a hair ribbon, but the mother does her own nursing."

This tiny nurse does her seven-month brother, little Jack is taken in arms and carried into the house and up to the top flat by the kind-hearted doctor. The mother is finishing her washing, which has been delayed by the rain.

"Good morning, doctor. I didn't expect you to-day. Now, please don't ask me to go to the excursion, for I must get this work done or the will be no Sunday dinner. I couldn't get the clothes dry for the rain. I put them out five times and had to rinse them out again each time they came in. It's all down. Everybody is out of town but the poor. I wish I could have one room in some of the big houses that are shut up. It isn't any trouble for the rich to keep well."

"Little enough I earn, and I don't always get it either. One woman owes me \$4 and another \$2.25 that I never expect to get. They are away now, but before they went I spent nearly a dollar in car fare, but then they were always out."

The doctor takes a whack at woman's inhumanity to woman, takes a good look at the sick child, prescribes a new diet and urges the mother to get him on the water as often and as soon as possible.

In the garret rear flat of a frame building near Houston street is a poor, heart-broken widow with six small children and a consumptive son, who earns \$2.50 driving a peddle wagon. We find her in the midst of a big wash, the perspiration rolling down her face and the little room clouded with steam. Her work brings her in \$1.65 a week, "and there's no use trying to live. I am thinking of putting the children in some home where they will be fed and clothed."

"The eldest boy is sick, very sick. He's a good child, too, only fourteen, and if I could only get him in the country for a few weeks I know he would be all right again."

The doctor says he will see what he can do, then looks at the inflammation that mars and disfigures the face of the four youngest children and we present a pair of mutton chops. At first the mother's pride asserts itself, but the doctor says: "Only a couple, Mrs. G., for the baby, and here's half a pound of rice. Give him all he can drink."

That soothes her and we leave her smiling and calling, "thank you" over the infirm baluster.

You should see the doctor bathe a baby in the next house to know how gentle a seemingly hard-hearted man can be.

The mother is in bed ill, the husband is away peddling lobsters, which have an ugly habit of spoiling before customers can be found. There are two young children playing on the floor, and the wee thing that he takes on his knee is scarcely larger than the nursing bottle we spend half an hour cleaning.

It is a new citizen, a squinty, pink, puckered little thing, easily broken and hard to handle, but the doctor takes him across the knees of his nice tall trousers, lathers him with white soap and warm water, dries him against the grain to quicken the almost imperceptible circulation, sounds his lungs, listens to the heart-beats and rub-a-dub-dub in the soft little head, gets a powder from his cavernous pocket to dry out his creases, rubs the cold purple soles warm and rosy, winds a strip of flannel about the small, empty stomach and hands him over to the mother, who has been blessing him the while with her eloquent, supplicating eyes.

She is told to hurry and get well, directions are given for applying a healing salve to the child's sore head and body, and the woman next door agrees for a nickel to prepare a bowl of rice soup for the feeble woman.

A woman with her hopes in the past, and that most pathetic of faces which expresses neither resignation, patience nor abstraction, and all three in one, sits in the adjoining room and withholds a welcome. In a chair that she rocked with her foot lay a babe attenuated to the very verge of emaciation, with a color as white as lime, and as she sawed the little one her fingers were busy sewing together rags for a hit-or-miss carpet.

"Is your baby sick?"

"No."

"It's very pale."

"Yes, very."

The doctor hesitates. She goes on with her sewing, and I try the blandishments of a mutton chop. She says, without even a glance towards me, "Take your chops and yourselves away if you want to please me."

We obey, both hurt and filled with pity, but forget all about the repulse on the lower floor, where a woman of seventy is left in charge of a poor babe dying of cholera morbus. The little thing lies in the middle of a feather bed, its half-open eyes glazed with death and the thin lips parting for breath. I have a fan, a pretty thing, with Watteau figures painted across the sticks. I hate to part with it, but I do, and show the old, white-haired grandmother how to use it.

"The mother is my daughter," she tells

us. "She sorts rags, get \$2.50 a week, and only for that we'd starve to death."

"Would you like a chop to make a little broth for the child and yourself?"

"Would I? May the Lord and his angels bless you for I haven't had a hot mouthful of meat for a month."

Nothing in therapeutics will help the gasping little one; "keep the flies off, granny, wash him in some warm water when you make a fire and try and get your daughter to stay home this afternoon and take him on the water," the doctor says, and adds for my ears alone it's only a question of another twenty-four hours.

In a small kitchen we come upon a group of Hungarian women rolling cigars and singing like larks in a greenwood tree. The windows are closed to keep the wrappers moist, the atmosphere is thick with flying molecules from the coarse weed, and the air is poisoned from the exhalations of no many persons. There are five babies, one brown as the cigars, their mothers are rolling, lying about on the floor. Their heels and fists in the air, all of them partially naked, all clean and all well but two. A general ha! ha! is voiced when the doctor offers an excursion ticket. Nobody will take it.

"But the air of this room, the impurities you are breathing will sicken you and kill your children."

"We'll take our chances, doctor, while there is bread enough to be had, and as for the babies, well, you don't know what you are talking about. Look at me!" the first roller says. "I was born in a tobacco box and I am not dead, and this kid will have to die if she can't go through what I have."

She opens a brown paper and takes out a piece of "chuck" and black bread, and if some of the over-fed epicureans, whose digestion runs to bile, could have seen the relish with which this starving young mother lished them, her appetite would be their envy. Collectively they are an industrious, admirable lot, but apathetic on the subject of drugs, and the doctor's prescription for a groupy child is brandished about with no little respect as the yellow poster of a dime museum.

"Good morning, doctor. I didn't expect you to-day. Now, please don't ask me to go to the excursion, for I must get this work done or the will be no Sunday dinner. I couldn't get the clothes dry for the rain. I put them out five times and had to rinse them out again each time they came in. It's all down. Everybody is out of town but the poor. I wish I could have one room in some of the big houses that are shut up. It isn't any trouble for the rich to keep well."

"Any sick children here?" we ask at a door in 119th Willett.

"No children, but a childish old woman. If you come from THE EVENING WORLD you will help me, won't you?"

"We will, certainly. What can we do for you?"

"Give me something to eat."

"What?"

"Anything; enough of anything."

The poor creature is just sixty-six, white-haired, tremulous-faced, and helplessly palsied. Her hand trembles so that she can with difficulty take the bit of silver we offer, and we leave her praying in grateful acknowledgment.

The doctor treats a sick baby in a back yard, three in the door-step of one house, two on the curbstone, and one in the drip and splash and soap bubbles of a poor widow's washub.

The last of the mutton chops is given to a young woman who supports her mother and child sewing carpet bags that pay two cents a pound and net the family 60 cents a day.

Leaving the dilapidated row that stands back from the pavement in Willett street, we meet a woman and sick boy, the latter upset by an excessive indulgence in prematurely harvested apples. The mother has been struck in the face by a blind man, and her nose so badly injured that the doctors had to remove it to prevent blood poisoning from mortification.

"You are not at dinner I see."

"No, I don't have any dinner, only breakfast."

"Why one meal?"

"Because I can't get any more."

"Would 30 cents make any sort of a meal for you and the sick boy?"

"It would make a heavenly meal, thank you. God bless you, good-by and good luck to you."

Now, where would you get more for so small an investment?

The doctor has a letter; here it is, addressed to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD: I am poor, sick and I cannot afford to have my children die. I am a reader of your paper and I have seen how you send doctors to visit the poor and sick. Could it be to me, too, you might send a doctor? I thought perhaps you might send a doctor if I asked you. The basket is as empty as a dream, and the doctor's cuffs are bloody and his fingers sticky from handling out chops, but we fill it up again with a big tenderloin steak, a jar of blackberry jam, a dozen lemons, some fresh rolls and a few sweet calves and start down Lewis street to hunt for the writer.

She lives on the top floor and she "likes it best of all," she tells us, "for the sparrows hop about the window and the raindrops that patter on the roof are as nice as fairy stories."

Mary is a cripple; her back is deformed. Her strength has never been large, nor her health good, and now both have deserted her. For a long time she has been in the employ of Ridley's, kept stock there and received \$2.50 a week. She had been home for more than a year, suffering from asthma, and it is very doubtful if she can ever resume work. Dr. Hunt has been more than kind to her, and never fails to visit her first experience of that kind, and they suffered about as much as if it was a first toboggan slide. When the elevator stopped after that indescribably short trip there came the sound of a simultaneous gasp, a catching of the breath, and then one of the passengers, a grave-faced matron, turned to the elevator boy, and said: "Now, will you kindly go back for the lost of mouth?"

A FROSTY AFTERNOON. Even that old-time source of amusement, a theatre ticket window with women at it, is not to be despised. Four ladies enter the lobby of a Broadway house. The youngest approaches the window and asks in a business-like tone, which is palpably assumed, "How much are the seats?"

"I can let you have," the seller pauses, and she looks at the ticket and goes to make this a special matter. "I can let you have very choice seats in the orchestra circle for one dollar and fifty cents."

"Apiece,"

"Yes, miss."

Hasty consultation of the four ladies, in the midst of which the severe one starts for the door, saying: "I won't do it." The speaker hastily addresses herself to the seller and the severe lady comes back.

"We don't want to pay so much as that, you know."

The tone isn't business-like any more; it's confidential and plaintive. The ticket-seller smiles indulgently, and again scans the rows beside him. He has an air of not knowing just what he can do for them, which is rather calculated, for most of them "want their first experience of that kind, and they suffered about as much as if it was a first toboggan slide. When the elevator stopped after that indescribably short trip there came the sound of a simultaneous gasp, a catching of the breath, and then one of the passengers, a grave-faced matron, turned to the elevator boy, and said: "Now, will you kindly go back for the lost of mouth?"

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